

THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

Vol. III.]

HANOVER, (N. H.) WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1805.

[No. 7.]

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Influence of the Fine Arts.

TO humanize and soften the ferocious passions of man, is an object of the first importance to the enjoyment of social happiness. The natural rudeness of his manners must be refined, the savage hardness of his heart removed, and the tender sympathetic feelings cherished. The cultivation of the fine arts has a very happy tendency to produce these salutary effects.

Never would civilization have been so rapidly advanced, never would refinement have been carried to so great a height, nor the blessings of civil society have been enjoyed to their present extent, had not the fine arts been successfully cultivated. Their happy influence on the mind of man ennobles his nature, and renders him susceptible of the tender emotions of sympathy and compassion. A reciprocal exchange of affections, a mutual participation in each other's joys and woes, and a true taste for the sweets of social life, constitute the basis of human felicity. These the fine arts are calculated to inspire. Where is the rational son of learning, who is not touched with the pathetic strains of the poet? Where the heart, that does not feel a gentle glow at the melodious sounds of music? The works of ornament, painting, architecture, sculpture, and gardening, afford that agreeable variety, and excite those pleasant emotions, with which the human mind is constantly enraptured.

In a rude state of society, when civilization has made small progress among a people, when the blessings, that attend peace, harmony, and friendship, are but little experienced; but the forging of arms, and the hoarse music of the trumpet engross the attention; we find but few traces of the fine arts. But when the instruments of war are laid aside, and the arts of peace are cultivated, the votaries of the muses begin to appear. They extol with the charms of verse, the praises of their heroes, reclaim their countrymen from the habits of a savage life, and inspire them with a relish for the more noble employments of social intercourse. A taste for refined embellishments is formed, solitary wilds are converted into populous cities, the lofty spire and stately dome begin to exhibit their majestic appearance, and man, gradually subduing his roving disposition, becomes a civilized being.

H.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ATHEISM.

MR. ORLANDO,

HE is not to be considered incorrigible, who, having for a long time embraced a wrong tenet, is at length convinced of his error.

That the *Atheist*, whose actions are in perfect coincidence with his belief, may be dissuaded from entertaining such erroneous ideas, by the

arguments and reasons of those, who have just conceptions of the Deity, and live in the exercise of piety and religion, is verified from a circumstance, which lately occurred, of the last admonitions of a dying father to his son.

Being sensible, that 'life's last spark' was just expiring, he requested a private interview with his only son, whom he addressed as follows:—"My dear Henry, you are about to hear the last words, and receive the last admonition of a dying parent. You are undoubtedly persuaded, that your past conduct has not been agreeable to my wishes; and would to God you were also persuaded, that the notions, which you have so long fondly embraced, are erroneous and repugnant to every principle of reason and justice. So often have I remonstrated against your atheistical ideas, that though you insisted on the justness of them, you could not forget my reproof.—That the existence of all created things, is the result of infinite power, wisdom and goodness, you cannot deny, either from nature or revelation; for in the former, it is folly in the extreme to suppose, that the objects, which are constantly presented to our view, were brought into being by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms; and in the latter, we are directly informed of the power, glory and attributes of God. Reason must have taught you, that matter of itself is inactive, and that life could not have been the result of that, which had not the power to produce it. We are lost in a labyrinth of absurdity, when we endeavour to persuade ourselves, that *matter* of itself possesses the power to produce life, independent of any primitive, active cause to aid it in its operations. Nor can we rationally suppose, that an intelligent being, who is capable of exercising his powers and faculties in the various spheres of life, could have derived his existence from mere *passive* substance. Has any pretended friend instilled such gross absurdities into your mind, in order to withdraw your attention from those things, which concern your future welfare and happiness? If so, no longer regard his deadly insinuations, but leave him to the enjoyment of his unreasonable, preposterous theory. How often have you heard judicious discourses from the sacred desk, inculcating a belief in the existence of that Being, whose power and goodness are unbounded, and on whom we are dependent for all the blessings of life? Is not the closing scene of all transitory things, sufficiently calculated to impress on your mind the solemn truth, that the lives of all creatures are at the disposal of an overruling Providence? But my time approaches—My dear son, that the last moments of your dying father may glide serenely away; that you may find happiness here, and be prepared for eternal bliss hereafter, ere my eyes shall be closed forever, and my tongue be silent in death; make a determination, a *lasting* determination, to renounce the opinion, which you have so fondly embraced, and conform your future days to the precepts of religion and piety. Do not"—"My father," interrupted Henry, "die in peace—with the assur-

ance that you have convinced me, and that I believe in the existence of a God—that my life shall be spent in his service and for the promotion of his glory." With the tear of parental affection in his eye, the old gentleman seized the hand of his son, looked towards Heaven, breathed his last prayer, and smiled serenely in the arms of death!

H. E.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

LIFE is a scene in which every one has an important part assigned, and on the well or ill performance of which, his happiness or misery depends. It is diversified with a succession of good and evil, of prosperity and adversity; each tending to promote some important end, and to advance the general welfare. Although prosperity cannot be considered an evil, it is in the highest degree fatal and dangerous.—Experience and observation fully prove the truth of this remark. Dissatisfied with what we possess, and eager to acquire more, we frequently rush on, heedless and precipitate, to irretrievable ruin. We are deceived by the glare of wealth; we are captivated by pomp, and show, and glittering equipage; and with whatever is grand or splendid, we associate the idea of superlative excellence. But riches are no certain mark of happiness. They create in their possessor, arrogance, pride and vanity, and often prove his ruin. He is surrounded by flatterers, who, under the cloak of friendship, seek his destruction; who in the day of adversity will disappear like dew before the sun. We cannot be too circumspect in prosperity; the least impropriety will be painted by our enemies in the most glaring colours, and vices, which in themselves are too small for microscopic observation, will be magnified, by the eye of envy, into crimes which should brand their possessor with eternal disgrace. Such are the evils, which attend mankind, so long as they share the smiles of fortune.

On the other hand, the evils we suffer from adversity, are neither so great nor so injurious as many imagine. It teaches a lesson which every one ought to learn. It teaches us how to bear misfortune; the value we ought to set upon the trappings and ornaments of wealth; and to live above the frowns or flatteries of a capricious world. In adversity we can determine who are our friends, and who are not; we can know what dependence may be placed on human assistance; and we have an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of human nature, not to be obtained in any other situation. To a person, unacquainted with literature, adverse scenes appear formidable and dreary; but he who has cultivated his mind, and improved his faculties, has a resource which will enable him to view any situation with the calmness of a Philosopher. We should be careful, not to reckon upon too much happiness in prosperity, nor too much misery in adversity;

but endeavour to maintain that equanimity of mind which is neither elated with the one, nor depressed with the other.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

MAN, unhappy without the light of Revelation.

"How weak the barrier mere nature proves,
"Oppos'd against the pleasures nature loves."

Surrounded by objects calculated to amuse the fancy, and beguile the thoughtless and inexperienced from the path of rectitude, we stand in need of all the weapons against vice, which virtue and reason and religion can afford. Although nature is, in every respect, stamped with the seal of divine perfection; although, in the works of God, we may read in the fairest characters his wisdom, goodness and power; yet the temptations of pleasure with an irresistible force allure us from their contemplation. The passions call loudly for gratification; envy and malice canker every breast; hatred and revenge boil in every vein; and torrents of vice and passion sweep away the feeble mounds, which nature has opposed to their progress. But the fancied pleasures of dissipation are but momentary; poverty and wretchedness are their companions, and vice and infidelity follow in their train. The 'dim light of nature' scarcely enables us to trace their effects on ourselves, without considering our relation to our friends, our country, and our God. The indulgence of the passions promises happiness; but pain and misery are the fruits of it. To day we indulge ourselves in golden dreams of happiness, and fancy points to us all the joys and pleasures of Mahomet's paradise; but tomorrow disease wastes our bodies, death visits us unprepared, and all our promised joys vanish forever. Sensual pleasures are short and deceitful. We pursue them with eagerness, expecting they will confer happiness, which, we endeavour by these means to embrace, but it eludes our grasp.—Religion, the child of Heaven turns the mind from these vain pursuits, and 'points to purer joys beyond the skies.'

To the Atheist, who has never felt the satisfaction of an approving conscience, pleasure is unknown. At home, a melancholy gloom rests upon his countenance; in the circle of his friends, the smile of innocence never lights up a smile on his cheek; in his dying moments, horror seizes his soul, and futurity is obscured by clouds and 'darkness visible.'—Nature may warn and invite, but virtue and religion pre-emptorily command us to shun the fatal rocks and whirlpools of vice. If we obey those commands, the voyage of life will be delightful, on an ocean calm and serene; if we neglect them, the storms of passion will daily drive us farther from the shores of peace, innocence, and happiness, to which, alas! we may never more return.

S.

SELECTIONS.

From the Stranger in France.

FRENCH CRUELTY.

THE English convent, or as it is called, the convent of blue nuns, in the Rue de St. Victoire, is the only establishment of the kind, which throughout the republic, has survived the revolution. To what cause its exclusive protection is attributable, is not, I believe cor-

rectly known. But though this spot of sacred seclusion, has escaped the final stroke of extermination, it has sustained an ample share of the general desolation. During the time of terror, it was converted into the crowded prison of the female nobility, who were here confined, and afterwards dragged from its cloisters, and butchered by the guillotine, or the daggers of assassins. I had a letter of introduction to Mrs. S—, one of the sisterhood, a lady of distinguished family in England. I found her in the refectory. A dignified dejection overspread her countenance, and her figure seemed much emaciated by the scenes of horror through which she had passed. She informed me, that when the nuns were in a state of arrestation by the order of Robespierre, the convent was so crowded with prisoners, that they were obliged to eat their wretched meals in three different divisions. The places of the unhappy beings who were led off to execution, were immediately filled by fresh victims.

Amongst those who suffered, was the beautiful young duchesse de Biron, said to be one of the loveliest women of the French court. Her fate was singular, and horrible. One morning, two of the assistant executioners came into one of the rooms, and called upon the female citizen Biron to come forward, meaning the old duchesse de Biron, the mother, who was here immured with her daughter; some one said, which of them do you require? The hell-hounds replied, "Our order was for one only, but as there are two, we will have both that there may be no error." The mother and daughter were taken away, locked senseless in each others arms. When the cart which carried them arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the chief executioner looked at his paper, which contained a list of his victims, and saw the name of only one Biron; the assistants informed him that they found two of that name in the convent, and to prevent mistake, they had brought both. The principal, with perfect sang froid, said it was all well, wrote with a pencil the article "les" before the name Biron, to which he added an s, and immediately beheaded both!!!

REFINING WATER.

AN invention has lately made its appearance in Paris, which is as full of utility as it is of genius. A house has been lately opened for the sale of filtrating and purifying vases, to which the ingenious constructor has given the most elegant Etruscan shapes. They are capable of refining the most fetid and corrupt water, by a process which in its operation, lasts about four minutes. The principle is the same as in nature. The foul water is thrown into the vase, where it passes through various strata of earth, which are compressed in a series of little apartments, which retain its offensive particles, and from which it issues as clear and as sweet as rock water. This discovery will prove of infinite consequence to families who reside in the maritime parts of Holland, and to many inland towns in France, where the water is frequently very bad. I most cordially hope that the inventor will meet with the remuneration which is due to his humane philosophy.

Parallel or Contrast between ADDISON and JOHNSON.

Comparisons have been formed between the Rambler and its predecessors, or rather between the genius of Johnson and of Addison; but these have generally ended in discovering a to-

tal want of resemblance.—As they were both original writers, they must be tried, if tried at all, by laws applicable to their respective attributes. But neither had a predecessor. We can find no humour like Addison's; no energy and dignity like Johnson's. They had nothing in common, but moral excellence of character; they could not have exchanged styles for an hour. Yet there is one respect in which we must give Addison the preference—more general utility. His writings would have been understood at any period; Johnson's would have been perhaps unintelligible a century ago, and are calculated for the more improved and liberal education now so common.—In both, however, what was peculiar was natural. The earliest of Dr. Johnson's works confirm this; and from the moment he could write at all, he wrote in stately periods; and his conversation from first till last abounded in the peculiarities of his composition. In general we may say, with Seneca—*Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum, nihil lenè.* Addison's style was the direct reverse of this. If the "Lives of the Poets" be thought an exception to Dr. Johnson's general habit of writing, let it be remembered that he was for the most part confined to dates and facts, to illustrations, and criticisms, and quotations; but when he indulged himself in moral reflections, to which he delighted to recur, we have again the vigour and loftiness of the Rambler, and only miss some of what have been termed his hard words.

Addison principally excelled in the observation of manners, and in that exquisite ridicule he threw on the minute improprieties of life. Johnson, although by no means ignorant of life and manners, could not descend to familiarities with tuckers and commodes, with fans and petticoats. A scholar by profession, and a writer from necessity, he loved to bring forward subjects so near and dear as the disappointments of authors—the dangers and miseries of literary eminence—anxieties of literature—contrariety of criticism—miseries of patronage—value of fame—causes of the contentment of the learned—prejudices and caprices of criticism—vanity of an author's expectations—meanness of dedication—necessity of literary courage; and all those other subjects that relate to authors and their connexion with the public. Sometimes whole papers are devoted to what may be termed the personal concerns of men of literature; and incidental reflections are every where interspersed for the instruction or caution of the same class.

When he treats of common life and manners, it has been observed that he gives to the lowest of his correspondents the same style and lofty periods; and it may also be noticed, that the ridicule he attempts is in some cases considerably heightened by this very want of accommodation of character. Yet it must be allowed that the levity and giddiness of coquettes and fine ladies are expressed with difficulty in the Johnsonian language.—It has been objected also that even the names of his ladies have very little of the air of court or city, as Zofima, Procrantia, &c.—Every age seems to have its peculiar names of fiction. In the Spectator's time the Damons and Phillises, the Amintors, Amandas and Cleopatras, &c. were the representatives of every virtue and every folly.—These were succeeded by the Philamonts, Tenderillas, Timoleons, Seomanthes, Pantheas, Adraftas and Bellimantes; names to which Mrs. Heywood gave currency in her Female Spec-

tator ; and from which, at no great distance of time, Dr. Johnson appears to have taken his Zephyrettas, Trypherufes, Nitellas, Mifothetas, Vagarios, and Flirtillas.

[Chalmers' ed. Brit. Essayists.

From the PORT FOLIO.

CONSOLATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The great philosopher Citophilus, said one day to a lady who was overwhelmed with grief, and had just cause to be so, Madam, the queen of England, daughter of the great Henry IV, has been as unfortunate as yourself ; she was driven from her kingdom ; she narrowly escaped shipwreck on the ocean ; she witnessed the death of her royal husband on the scaffold. I am very sorry for her, replied the lady ; and she began to shed tears at her own misfortunes.

But, said Citophilus, remember Mary Stuart : she entertained a very chaste affection for a gallant musician. Her husband killed her musician in her presence ; and afterwards, her good friend and kind relation, Queen Elizabeth, who called herself a virgin, caused her head to be severed from her body, on a scaffold arrayed in black, after having detained her in prison eighteen years. That was very cruel, replied the lady ; and she was again plunged in melancholy.

You have perhaps, said the consoler, heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was made prisoner and strangled ? I have a confused recollection of it, said the afflicted lady.

I must relate to you, said Citophilus, the adventure of a princess who was in my time dethroned after supper, and died in a desert island. I am acquainted with her history, replied the lady.

Well then, I will inform you of what happened to another great princess, whom I instructed in philosophy. She, like all other great and beautiful princesses, had a lover.—Her father entered her chamber, and surprised the lover, whose face was all on fire, and whose eyes sparkled like a carbuncle ; the complexion of the lady was also extremely animated.—The countenance of the young man so much displeased the father, that he inflicted upon it the most violent blow that had ever been given in his province. The lover seized a pair of tongs, and broke the father's head, which was with difficulty cured, and still bears the mark of the wound. The princess in a fit of despair, leapt through the window, and dislocated her ankle ; and she at this day limps, although in other respects her port and person are admirable. The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince.—You may judge of the situation of the princess, when her lover was led to the gallows. I frequently saw her whilst she was in prison ; she never spoke of any thing but her misfortunes.

Why then, replied the lady, will you not permit me to think of mine ? Because, said the philosopher, you ought not to think of them, and as so many great women have been so unfortunate, it is unbecoming in you to despair. Think of Hecuba ; think of Niobe. Ah ! said the lady, had I lived in their time, or in that of the beautiful princesses, whom you have mentioned, and if, by way of consolation, you had recounted to them my misfortunes, do you think they would have listened to you ?

On the succeeding day, the philosopher lost his only son, and his excessive grief almost

threatened his existence. The lady made out a list of all the kings who had lost their children, and presented it to the philosopher ; he read it, found it perfectly correct, but his tears ceased not to flow. After a lapse of three months they met, and were surprised to find each other in so gay a mood. They erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription :
To him, who brings consolation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SONG ON MAY MORNING.

BY MILTON.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her,
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap
throws

The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May ! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

The strength of virtue and impotence of vice are beautifully portrayed, by MILTON, in the ensuing lines.

This I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt ;
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd ;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory ;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change,
Self-fed and self-consumed ; if this fail,
The pillow'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

SORROWS OF WERTER.

We have, for some time, been in possession of a fact, which may not be uninteresting to the readers of novels.

The novel under the title of "The Sorrows of Werter," has generally been supposed to be a fiction ; but it is a real history of events which did actually take place. A gentleman from abroad, has related to us, that he was well acquainted with Lieut. Immelhausen, of his Britannic Majesty's 60th Regiment of foot, who is a full cousin to Charlotte. Lieut. Immelhausen informed him, that the events, as related in "The Sorrows of Werter," were strictly true, except that Charlotte was not so handsome as she had been there represented—and that she is still living—while Werter moulders in the dust.

The above may be relied on. The gentleman who related it, is of undoubted veracity ; and several German officers of his acquaintance, in the British service, also assured him of its being strictly true, they having known the parties.—*Freeman's Journal.*

THE PORT FOLIO.

The Editor of this valuable paper informs us, that "on the fourth of January 1806, No. I, of the Port Folio, will be the initial paper of a NEW SERIES, published weekly, in the Magazine style, without any augmentation of price, and with an increase of materials, spirit, and vigour."

We hope that the wealthy and the liberal will

bestow their golden approbation on the labors of an elegant scholar, and foster a work which does honor to our country.

COMPENDIUM OF NEWS.

The St. Andrew's Society, at New-York, has passed a resolution, offered by Dr. Tillary, to erect a plain, neat MONUMENT in memory of that great and good man, Major-General HAMILTON, on the spot where he received the wound which terminated in his death, and which deprived America of her greatest pride and ornament.

The very interesting and important cause between the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and Joseph Dennie, Esq. who was indicted, July, 1803, for a supposed libel on the Constitutions of the United States, Pennsylvania, &c. has been decided in favor of the Defendant.

A periodical work will shortly be published in Boston, entitled the *POLYANTHOS*. Each number will be embellished with the portrait of some distinguished character ; and is intended to contain Biographical Sketches, particularly of those who have distinguished themselves in America, Moral and Literary Essays, History, Theatrical Notices, Poetry, &c. The first number will be ornamented with an elegant portrait of Commodore *Preble*, from an original likeness, taken at Naples.

Messrs. Lincoln and Gleason of Hartford are about to publish a new and interesting work, entitled, "A Northern Summer ; or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and part of Germany, in the year 1804 ; by John Carr, Esq. author of the "Stranger in France." The work will be printed in one volume, duodecimo, containing about 400 pages. Price, 1 dollar and 25 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EUGENIO's poetry is received. We hope he will continue to ornament our columns with his valuable productions.

The *Literary Workshop*, No. 3, was received too late for insertion in the present number.

The bundle of prose, politely communicated to us a few days since, we have but partly examined. One of the pieces will be found in this number.

We acknowledge the receipt of a piece, signed Hiero,

"In rhyme, or prose, or both together,
Or some hotchpotch that's rightly neither ;"
but have no room for it in the Tablet.

When shall we hear again from A. Z. ?

MARRIED.

In Boston, the Rev. Thomas Paul, to Miss Catharine Waterhouse.

In Concord, N. H. Mr. Phineas Eastman, of Salisbury, to Miss Judith Gale ;—Mr. Barnard Bricket, of Pembroke, to Miss Betsey Virgin.

DIED.

In Boston, Mr. John Stillman, son of the Rev. Dr. S. Stillman, aged 33.

In Amherst, N. H. widow Hannah Lovejoy, aged 101 years, 7 months and 13 days. She had 11 children, 51 grand-children, 223 of the third generation, and 51 of the fourth generation. Total 336 descendants.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

A HINT TO NOBODY.

NOR roses nor pinks will endure,
But the space of a day ;
Created to shine and allure,
And then go to decay.

When withered, no power they retain,
To decoy and disarm ;
E'en Flora 'll discard them as vain,
And invent some new charm.

An emblem of beauty so fair,
In a flower we may find ;
Then haste, handsome Flora, prepare,—
A few charms of the mind.

MONOS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Pleasant Hill, Nov. 1805.

TO EUGENIO.

THE peasant had forgot his song,
The radiant moon arose ;
The curfew still'd the busy throng,
And urg'd them to repose :
When late I wander'd, fancy-led,
Invited by the breeze ;
To weep at Mary's clay-cold bed,
And sigh to list'ning trees.
Unhappy, hopeless youth, I cried,
O'er Mary's grassy urn ;
'No, Heav'n forbid,' a voice repli'd,
And spoke a kind return.
'Forbear,' I heard, 'this form to fly—
'Suppress thy ardent flame—
'I visit earth—my throne's on high,
'Minerva is my name.
'Know, that the soul of Mary's blest,
'An angels' faithful care ;
'That thou may'st find her happy rest,
'And live immortal there.
'Of all my train, a Son I boast—
'Soubegan's fav'rite Bard ;
'Whose mellow harp can ne'er be lost,
'While I the willow guard.
'Receive, from me, a wreath of fame,
'Convey it to my son ;
'Convey it in Minerva's name,
'The prize he's richly won.'
I bow'd consent—the goddess fled,
On new-fledg'd pinions borne,
And beams of bright effulgence shed,
Pure as the rays of morn.
For thee, Eugenio, is the boon,
Committed to my trust ;
Nor think the prize bestow'd too soon—
Minerva deems it just.

HERMES.

SELECTED POETRY.

(The following beautiful lines are taken from a poem, written, while in a deep consumption, by MICHAEL BRUCE, a natural poet of Kinrosshire, in Scotland. He died about the age of twenty-two, beloved by all his acquaintance, and lamented by every friend of genius and worth.)

NOW spring returns ; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in the unconstant wind,
Meager and pale the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass—

The winged moments whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams preface approaching fate ;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true ;
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewel, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep fits dewy on the laborer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my DAPHNIS lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone and the last morn arise.

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

ODE ON PLEASURE.

SAY, where is PLEASURE to be found ?
Is it in fashion's giddy round,
Where folly bears the sway ?
Oh no ! 'tis in the calm retreat
Where love and friendship, jointly greet,
And all the social virtues meet,
That Pleasure rules the day.

Is it to flaunt in rich array,
To waste the morn of life away
In senseless, tasteless toys ?
Oh no ! 'tis storing well the mind
With useful-knowledge, quite refin'd,
And contemplation sweet, design'd
To yield substantial joys.

Or is it in seduction's wiles,
Where cringing falsehood, bowing, smiles
To lure th' unwary fair ?
Oh no ! 'tis in the leafy grove,
With th' chaste, roseate maid to rove
Where instinct prompts to virtuous love,
Which yields its pleasures rare.

Is it to spurn the hungry poor,
To drive the needy from the door,
And ridicule th' oppress'd ?
Oh no ! 'tis, with a mild reply,
To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
To heave the sympathetic sigh,
And calm the troubled breast.

Is it at brothels, late to feast,
To quaff and revel, laugh and jest,
The haunts of guilt and pride ?
'Tis in the christian's peaceful dome,
Where the poor orphan, doom'd to roam,
And widow, find a welcome home,
And all their wants suppli'd.

Is it to join the factious crowd,
The gay, the haughty, and the proud,
And flattery refund ?
'Tis in the mansions of the blest,
Where pure affection warms the breast,
And sweet contentment foothes to rest,
That pleasure's to be found.

EUGENIO.

A PRAYER, in the prospect of Death.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done :

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* slept aside,
Do Thou, *All-Good* ! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other Plea I have,
But, *Thou art good* ; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

EPIGRAMS.

From the Port Folio.

"Pay me my money !" Robin cried
To Richard, whom he quickly spied,
And by the collar seiz'd the blade,
Swearing he'd be that moment paid ;
Base Richard instant made reply,
(And struck poor Robin in the eye)
There's my own mark, in black and white
A note of hand, and paid at sight !

Chloris will solitude admire,
A wondrous lover of the dark ;
Each night puts out her chamber fire,
But just keeps in a single spark !

Till four she keeps herself alive,
Warm'd by her piety, no doubt,
Then, tir'd with kneeling, just at five,
She sighs—and lets that spark go out !

The glow which Chloe's cheeks possess
Is something more than Nature's dress ;
Yet such her happy knack,
Although she paints, there's none can boast,
Of knowing which she uses most,
Carmine or Coniack. Troy Gaz.

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